

Hymns and Spiritual Songs

Book III



by
Isaac Watts

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HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

In Three Books.

1. Collected from the Scriptures.
2. Composed on Divine Subjects.
3. Prepared for the Lord's Supper.

by
I. Watts, D.D.

Revelation 5, 9.

*And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou
wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c.*

Soliti essent (i.e. Christiani) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi

Deo dicere.

Plin. In Epist.

Preface.

The following extracts from the Doctor's preface contain the substance of his plan in the three different parts into which the Hymns are divided; the whole would have exceeded the limits of a small book.

"Far be it from my thoughts to lay aside the Book of Psalms in public worship; few can pretend so great a value for them as myself: it is the most noble, most devotional and divine collection of poesy; and nothing can be supposed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven than some parts of that book; never was a piece of experimental divinity so nobly written, and so justly revered and admired. But it must be acknowledged still, that there are thousand lines in it which were not made for a church in our days to assume as its own. There are also many deficiencies of light and glory which our Lord Jesus and his apostles have supplied in the writings of the New Testament: and with this advantage I have composed these Spiritual Songs, which are now presented to the World. Nor is the attempt vainglorious or presuming; for in respect of clear evangelical knowledge, 'The least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than all the Jewish Prophets.' Matt. xi. 11.

"Now let me give a short account of the following composures.

"The greatest part of them are suited to the general state of the gospel, and the most common affairs of Christians: I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be used in a religious assembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to some seasons either of private or public worship. The most frequent tempers and changes of our spirit, and conditions of our life, are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expressed according to the variety of our passions, our love, our fear, our hope, our desire, our sorrow, our wonder and our joy, as they are

refined into devotion, and act under the influence and conduct of the blessed Spirit; all conversing with God the Father 'by the new and living Way' of access to the throne, even the person and the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ. To him also, even 'to the Lamb that was slain and now lives,' I have addressed many a song; for thus doth the holy Scripture instruct and teach us to worship in the various patterns of Christian psalmody described in the Revelation.

"I have aimed at ease of numbers, and smoothness of sound, and endeavoured to make the sense plain and obvious. If the verse appears so gentle and flowing as to incur the censure of feebleness, I may honestly affirm, that sometimes it cost me labour to make it so.

"In the first part I have borrowed the sense and much of the form of the song from some particular portions of scripture, and have paraphrased most of the doxologies in the New Testament, that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical: and many parts of the Old Testament also, that have a reference to the times of the Messiah.

"The second part consists of hymns whose form is mere human composure; but I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. I might have brought some text or other, and applied it to the margin of every verse, if this method had been as useful as it was easy. If there be any poems in the book that are capable of giving delight to persons of a more refined taste and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part; but except they lay aside the humour of criticism, and enter into a devout frame, every ode here already despairs of pleasing.

"I have prepared the third part only for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, that, in imitation of our blessed Saviour, we may sing an hymn after we have partaken of the Bread and Wine."

Hymns. Book 3.

Prepared for the Lord's Supper.

Hymn 3:1.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

1 Corinthians 11:23 &c.

- 1 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes;
- 2 Before the mournful scene began
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body broke for sin,
"Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When for black crimes of biggest size
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

- 6 "Do this, (he cry'd) till time shall end,
"In memory of your dying Friend;
"Meet at my table, and record
"The love of your departed Lord."

- 7 [Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy Name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.]

Hymn 3:2.

Communion with Christ, and with saints.

1 Cor. 10. 16 17.

- 1 [Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood,
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God!]

- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious Name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

Hymn 3:3.

The new testament in the blood of
Christ; or, The new covenant sealed.

- 1 "The promise of my Father's love
"Shall stand for ever good;"
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

- 3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning
grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.
- 5 Sweet is the memory of his Name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

Hymn 3:4.

Christ's dying love; or, Our pardon bought at a
dear price.

- 1 How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 [When Justice by our sins provok'd
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.]

3 [He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.]

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

6 [Here we behold his bowels roll,
As kind as when he dy'd;
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed thro' his wounded side.]

7 [Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

Hymn 3:5.

Christ the bread of life.

John 6. 31 35 39.

1 Let us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise
And rivers flow with love.

3 The Jews the fathers dy'd at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.]

4 Bless'd be the Lord that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come;
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

Hymn 3:6.

The memorial of our absent Lord.

John 16. 16. Luke 22. 19. John 14. 3.

- 1 Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.
- 6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

Hymn 3:7.

Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.

Gal. 6. 14.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 [His dying crimson like a robe
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Hymn 3:8.

The tree of life.

- 1 Come let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.
- 2 While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshments here ye found
From this immortal food!
- 3 The tree of life that near the throne
In heaven's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.
- 4 [Hovering amongst the leaves there stands
The sweet celestial Dove,
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]
- 5 ['Tis a young heaven of strange delight
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.
- 6 New life it spreads thro' dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts
Without a sting behind.]

- 7 Now let the flaming weapon stand
And guard all Eden's trees;
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruits as these.
- 8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sovereign power
To raise and heal the dead.

Hymn 3:9.

The Spirit, the water, and the blood.
John 5. 6.

- 1 [Let all our tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.
- 2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's Name;
Jesus th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!
- 3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.]
- 4 [My Saviour's pierced side,
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he our Priest atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There on the cursed tree
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same
We feel his witness good.

9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.

10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

Hymn 3:10.

Christ crucified; the wisdom and power of God.

1 Nature with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescu'd man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 [Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmost heart
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart
To make the purchas'd pleasure mine.

5 O the sweet wonders of that cross
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

6 I would for ever speak his Name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

Hymn 3:11.

Pardon brought in our senses.

- 1 Lord, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says, that "I am his,
"And my Beloved's mine."
- 3 "Here," (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side)
"See here the spring of all your joys,
"That open'd when I dy'd."
- 4 [He smiles and cheers my mournful heart
And tells of all his pain,
"All this," says he, "I bore for thee;"
And then he smiles again.]
- 5 What shall we pay our heavenly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.
- 6 [Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad,
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

- 7 [To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.]

Hymn 3:12.

The gospel feast.

Luke 14. 16 &c.

- 1 [How rich are thy provisions Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above,
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast;
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh,
But at the gospel call we came
And every want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]
- 5 [What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down
To bring us wanderers back to God?

6 It cost him death to save our lives,
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pity'd rebels when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.]

Hymn 3:13.

Divine love making a feast, and calling in the
guests.

Luke 14. 17 22 23.

1 How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here every bowl of our God
With soft compassion rolls
Here peace and pardon bought with blood
Is food for dying souls.

3 [While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room?
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
"And rather starve than come."]

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in,
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

6 [Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

Hymn 3:14.

The song of Simeon, Luke 2. 28; or, A sight of
Christ makes death easy.

1 Now have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his;
Our souls still willing to be gone,
And at thy word depart in peace.

3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And view'd salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.

4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy Name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

5 He is our light; our morning star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near the throne.

Hymn 3:15.

Our Lord Jesus at his own table.

1 [The memory of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he spread his royal board,
And blest the food, and sung.

2 Happy the men that eat this bread,
But double bless'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith the same delights we taste
As that great favourite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heavenly bread.]

4 Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends;
"Come my beloved, eat, (he cries)
"And drink salvation, friends.

5 "[My flesh is food and physic too,
"A balm for all your pains;
"And the red streams of pardon flow
"From these my pierced veins.]"

6 Hosanna to his bounteous love
For such a taste below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.

7 [Come the dear day, the glorious hour
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heavenly feast.]

Hymn 3:16.

The agonies of Christ.

1 Now let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine,
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hope he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.]

4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

5 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6 Grace, wisdom, justice join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day:
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

Hymn 3:17.

Incomparable food; or, The flesh and blood of
Christ.

1 [We sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.]

3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heavenly things,
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam sought
And search'd his garden round,
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.

5 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food,
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

6 On us th' Almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.

7 Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King,
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.

8 Salvation to the Name
Of our adored Christ:
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim
His glory in the high'st.

Hymn 3:18.

The same.

- 1 Jesus, we bow before thy feet,
Thy table is divinely stor'd:
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread; we thank thee, Lord!
- 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood,
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis generous wine;
Mingled with love the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
- 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food;
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.
- 4 Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart, or warm the head,
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.
- 5 Joy to the Master of the feast,
His name our souls for ever bless:
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud Hosanna round the place.

Hymn 3:19.

Glory in the cross; or, Not ashamed of Christ crucified.

- 1 At thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucify'd.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's Name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age
He that was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

Hymn 3:20.

The provisions for the table of our Lord; or, The tree of life, and river of love.

- 1 Lord, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For every willing guest.

2 [The tree of life adorns the board
 With rich immortal fruit,
 And ne'er an angry flaming sword
 To guard the passage to't.

3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
 The fountain flows above,
 And runs down streaming for our use
 In rivulets of love.]

4 The food's prepar'd by heavenly art,
 The pleasure's well refin'd,
 They spread new life thro' every heart,
 And cheer the drooping mind.

5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
 Ye saints that taste his wine,
 Join with your kindred saints above,
 In loud hosannas join.

6 A thousand glories to the God
 That gives such joy as this;
 Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
 And reach where Jesus is.

Hymn 3:21.

The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin,
 and death, and hell.

1 [Come let us lift our voices high,
 High as our joys arise,
 And join the songs above the sky,
 Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
 And conquer'd when he fell;
 That rose, and at his chariot-wheels
 Dragg'd all the powers of hell.]

3 [Jesus the God invites us here
 To this triumphal feast,
 And brings immortal blessings down
 For each redeemed guest.]

4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
 How kind his smiles appear!
 And O what melting words he says
 To every humble ear!

5 "For you, the children of my love,
 "It was for you I dy'd;
 "Behold my hands, behold my feet,
 "And look into my side.

6 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
 "The tokens of my pains,
 "When I came down to free your souls
 "From misery and chains.

7 "Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
 And plung'd it in my heart;
 "Infinite pangs for you I bore,
 "And most tormenting smart.

8 "When hell and all its spiteful powers
 "Stood dreadful in my way,
 "To rescue those dear lives of yours
 "I gave my own away.

9 "But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
"I ruin'd Satan's throne;
"High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
"The monster tumbling down.

10 "Now you must triumph at my feast,
"And taste my flesh, my blood;
"And live eternal ages bless'd,
"For 'tis immortal food."

11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.

12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

Hymn 3:22.

The compassion of a dying Christ.

1 Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his Name,
And melting as his dying love.

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threatening set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.]

4 [The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heavenly blood:
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

Hymn 3:23.

Grace and glory by the death of Christ.

1 [Sitting around our Father's board
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 O 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

Hymn 3:24.

Pardon and strength from Christ.

- 1 Father, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,
We drink the sacred Cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.
- 4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

5 [Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the memory of his Name,
More than the wine we taste.]

Hymn 3:25.

Divine glories, and our graces.

- 1 How are thy glories here display'd,
Great God, how bright they shine,
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!
- 2 Here thy revenging justice stands
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands
Like Jesus on the cross.
- 3 Thy saints attend with every grace
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.
- 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.
- 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry.

I cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns, till I have addressed a special song of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, Gloria Patri, be retained in our nation from the Romish church; and thought there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the Divine Nature, that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it to a plain version, or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the conclusion of another Hymn. I have added also a few hosannas, or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.

Doxologies.

Hymn 3:26.

1st. L.M.

A song of praise to the ever-blessed Trinity,
God in Father, Son, and Spirit.

- 1 Bless'd be the Father and his love:
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

Hymn 3:27.

1st. C. M.

- 1 Glory to God the Father's Name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Chose out his favourites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.
- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.
- 4 Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three and One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

Hymn 3:28.

1st. S. M.

- 1 Let God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death
By offering up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light and power and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One and Three
That seal this grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.

Hymn 3:29.

2d. L.M.

- 1 Glory to God the Trinity
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in person Three;
A social nature, yet alone.
- 2 When all our noblest powers are join'd
The honours of thy Name to raise,
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

Hymn 3:30.

2d. C. M

- 1 The God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.
- 2 To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

Hymn 3:31.

2d. S. M.

- 1 Let God the Maker's name
Have honour, love and fear,
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.
- 2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love
And Spirit of thy power.

Hymn 3:32.

3d. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Hymn 3:33.

Or thus:

All glory to thy wondrous Name,
Father of mercy, God of love,
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

Hymn 3:34.

3d. C. M.

Now let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Hymn 3:35.

Or thus:

Honour to thee, almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

Hymn 3:36.

3d. S. M.

Ye angels round the throne
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

Hymn 3:37.

Or thus:

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

Hymn 3:38.

A song of praise to the blessed Trinity.
The 1st, as the 148th Psalm.

1 I give immortal praise
To God the Father's love
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious one:
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

Hymn 3:39.

The 2d, as the 148th Psalm.

- 1 To Him that chose us first
Before the world began,
To Him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man,
To Him that form'd
Our hearts anew,
Is endless praise
And glory due.

- 2 The Father's love shall run
Thro' our immortal songs,
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address
The Spirit's Name
With equal praise,
And zeal the same.

- 3 Let every saint above
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus heaven shall raise
His honours high
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

Hymn 3:40.

The 3d, as the 148th Psalm.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we sing.

Hymn 3:41.

Or thus:

To our eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three mysteries in one,
Salvation, power,
And praise be given
By all on earth
And all in heaven.

Hymn 3:42.

L. M.

The Hosanna; or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.

- 1 Hosanna to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth
Who brings salvation down to earth.

- 2 Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

Hymn 3:43.

C. M.

- 1 Hosanna to the Prince of Grace,
Sion, behold her King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.
- 2 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his Name.

Hymn 3:44.

S. M.

Hosanna to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood,

- 2 To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless blessings given,
Let the whole earth his glory sing
Who made our peace with heaven.

Hymn 3:45.

As the 148th Psalm.

- 1 Hosanna to the King
Of David's ancient blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay.
- 2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky
His wondrous love proclaim:
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
And every age
Pronounce him blest.

End of the Third Book.

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